

IT IS NOT THE WILL OF YOUR FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN

THE CHILD AT HOME

THAT ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES SHOULD PERISH

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THE WOODEN CAPTAIN.

YOU can see the wooden captain near the mast of the little boat in the picture. He came out of a Noah's ark that Frank Arnold owned. Frank lived on the Hudson River, above Albany, I am told. He saw many boats on the river, and made this one himself. His sister Jennie made the sail out of one of Frank's shirts that had been used as pinafore for awhile, and afterwards for a duster. Her mother taught her to be careful and diligent.

Frank was taught also that it is not right to play all the time, but that boys ought to be useful. He was very useful. His father had died when Jennie was a small baby, and his mother needed his services. She had a pretty motto in a frame hung up in his room. It read thus: "My son, keep thy father's commandments, and forsake not the law of thy mother: bind them continually upon thy heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee."

Mrs. Arnold did not say anything to Frank about the motto, but he read it, and thought it was so good that he would take it for his own. He learned it by heart, and repeated it to himself every day. I think no boy likes to play better than Frank, and I am sure no one loves to work for his mother better than he does. This makes everything pleasant in their house. Mrs. Arnold encourages Frank in his play. She helped him make the little boat, and told Jennie how to cut and hem the sail, and one day she actually went down to the little pond to see the wooden captain take a sail.

There is a rudder to this boat. You can't see it in the picture, but it is there, and it can be fixed so as to guide the boat to the right place on the other side of the pond. The little boat and the wooden captain teach us a lesson of love and obedience. Shall we remember it?

THE LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

A TRUE STORY.

IN THE CHILD AT HOME for June we had a picture of a light-house. The following story will be interesting to all, but to those who read what Mr. Rand wrote, it will be especially so. It shows how much good a little girl may do, and also how God answers prayer.

Little Mary and her father lived in the light-house, and took care to have the lamps burn brightly every night. One afternoon the father trimmed the lamps, and went on shore. He told Mary not to be afraid,

for that he would soon return. But there were some rough-looking men behind a rock, who were watching Mary's father, and seemed glad as they saw him go to the land. Who were they?

These men were wreckers. They waited about the coast, and if a vessel was driven by a storm on the rocks, they rushed down—not to help the poor sailors—but to rob and ill-treat them, and to plunder the ship.

The wicked men knew that there was only a little girl left in the light-house; and they had a plan to

"O, my sweet little Mary! what will you do?" cried the father, as he lay in the shed; "there will be no one to light the lamps: ships may be wrecked, and hundreds of sailors may be lost!"

Mary looked out from a narrow window in the light-house towards the shore, thinking it was time for her father to come back. The clock in the little room had struck six; and she knew that the waters would soon rise up to the causey.

An hour passed; the clock struck seven, and Mary still looked towards the beach; but no father

was to be seen. By the time it was eight, the tide was nearly over the pathway; only bits of rock here and there were above the waters, and they too were soon covered over. "O, father, make haste!" cried Mary aloud, as though her father could hear her. But the only answer was the noise of the waters, as they rose higher and higher, and the roar of the wind, as it gave notice of the coming storm.

Now Mary sat down and wept. Surely there would be no lights that night, and many a vessel would be cast ashore.

While Mary wept, she thought of what her dear mother used to say, that we should look to Jesus in every time of need. And in a corner of the room she knelt and prayed for help: "O Lord, show me what to do, and bless my dear father, and bring him home safe."

The water was now some feet above the causey.

The sun had set for more than an hour. As the moon rose in the sky, black storm-clouds soon covered her from sight, and then not a star was seen. The wreckers walked along the shore, looking for some ship to strike on the coast. These men hoped that the sailors, not seeing the lights, would think that they were not near the coast, and that the ship would be dashed on the rocks.

Just at this moment the thought came into Mary's mind that she

would try to light the lamps. But what could a little girl do? The lamps were far above her reach. She however got a few matches, and made a light. The next thing was to carry a set of steps to the spot, and attempt to reach the lamps. But after much labor, she found they were still above her head. A small table was next brought from below, and Mary put the steps upon it, and mounted to the top with hope and joy, for now she was almost sure that she could light the lamps. But no; though she stood on tiptoe, they were even yet a little higher than she could reach. "If I had a stick," she said, "I would tie a match to it, and then I could set light to the wicks." Yet no stick, nor anything of the kind, was to be found.



THE WOODEN CAPTAIN.

keep her father on the shore all the night. Some ships, filled with rich goods, were expected to pass before the morning; and they thought that, should the lamps in the light-house not be lit, these vessels would run upon the rocks and be wrecked, and then the goods would be their spoil.

Mary's father had filled his basket with bread and other things, and had prepared to return; for it would soon be time to light the lamps. As he drew nigh to the road leading to the causey, the wreckers rushed from their hiding-place, and threw him on the ground. They quickly bound his hands and feet with ropes, and carried him into a shed, there to lie till morning. They left him to the charge of two men, while they ran back to the shore.

The storm now became quite fearful. The sailors looked along the coast for the lights. Where could they be? Had they brought their ships in a wrong direction? They were at a loss to tell, and knew not which way to steer.

All this time Mary's father was praying in the shed, that God would take care of his child in the dark and lonely light-house.

Poor Mary was about to sit down again, and weep, when she thought of the large old Bible in the room below. But how could she tread on that book? It was God's Holy Word, which her mother loved so much to read. "Yet it was to save life," said she; "and if mother were here, would she not allow me to take it?" Mary did not scorn her mother's Bible: its very covers were precious in her sight.

In a minute the large book was brought and placed under the steps, and up she got again. Yes; she was just high enough: then she touched one wick, and another, and another, till the rays of the lamps shone brightly far over the dark waters.

The father saw the light as he lay in the shed, and thanked God who had sent help, though he knew not how, in the hour of danger. The sailors beheld the light, and steered their ships away from the rocks, and were safe. And the wreckers, too, saw the light, and were full of rage that their cruel plot had wholly failed.

All that stormy night the lamps cast their rays over the foaming sea; and when the morning came, the wreckers let the father loose from the shed. The water was again down from the causey, and he was soon in the light-house, there to learn from his little girl the way in which God had helped her in the hour of her trial. Brave little Mary!

THE CHILD AT HOME.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1872.

National, Christian, Unsectarian.

"BROTHERLY" KINDNESS.

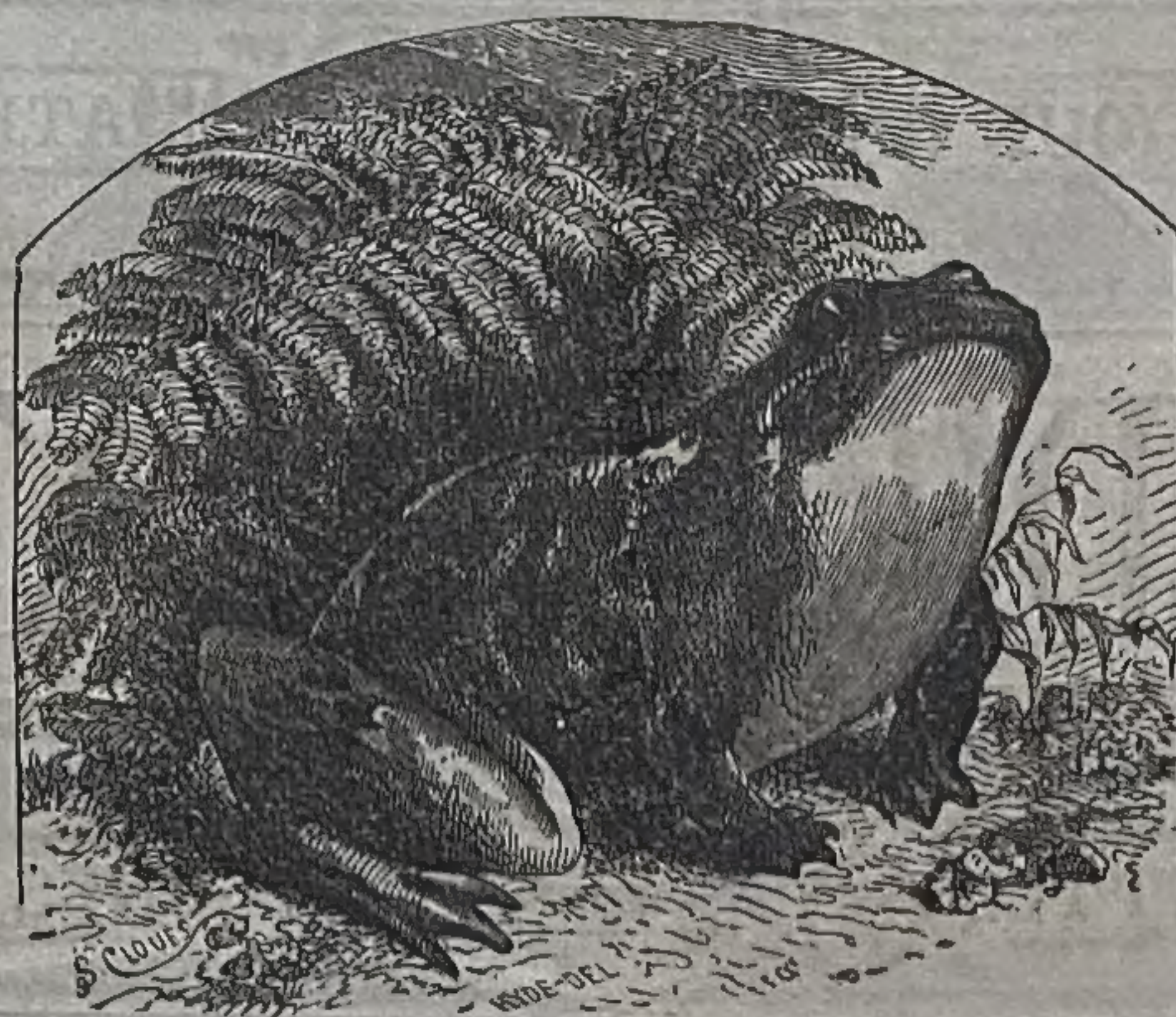


HAVE been considerably interested in an article on this subject that I have seen copied into a good many grown people's papers. It is entitled "Big Brothers and Little Sisters," and tells of one of the "little sisters" who was studying her Bible lesson in a place where "brotherly kindness" is mentioned.

She said if it was like her brother Tom's kindness, she did not want it. The writer says: "What did she mean? Well, I suspect she meant that Tom was just such a brother to her as a great many of you are to your little sisters at home. I suspect she knew what it was to have her dolls hung up in the apple-trees, and her kittens' tails tied together, and to be leaped at from behind the doors, and growled at in dark corners. I imagine she had been tickled and pinched, and locked into the closet; she was used to being called a pickle, and a cry-baby, and a little pug, and to trotting with patient feet upstairs, down-stairs, out in the orchard, into the tool-room, hither and yon on errands, for the doing of which she received only a tweak of the ear or a careless jest in place of thanks."

If any big brothers of little sisters see *THE CHILD AT HOME*, I hope they will read this paragraph carefully. Don't suppose your sister "doesn't mind," because you "don't mean anything." She *does* mind. Her delicate feelings are hurt every time you do a rough act to her. It is a great deal better to be kind and careful towards her. She is given you to take care of. What a rough world this would be if all of our dear sisters were taken out of it! And we deserve to have them taken away from us, if we are not kind to them.

THE NEW YEAR: The National Family Almanac, is to be published earlier this year than it was last, and will be found very much improved. There are plenty of fine pictures, and excellent reading for old and young, and it will keep the year round. It will be mailed, free of postage, to any address, on the receipt of twenty cents.



THE THANKLESS FROG.

Not long ago, there lived a frog
Of melancholy mind;
He'd every comfort frogs could wish,
Or ever hope to find—
A soft, moist home in beds of moss,
Beneath a spreading oak—
And yet he chiefly spent his life
In crying out, "Croak, croak!"

Not far from him, upon a knoll,
Just southward of the thicket,
There dwelt a friend that plagued his soul—
A cheerful little cricket;
No matter how depressed the frog,
Or how his spirits fell,
The cricket's voice was always heard
As merry as a bell.

"O, dear!" exclaimed the frog one day,
"You haven't any feeling,
Or else, when I am suffering so,
You'd stop that endless squealing.
It's very well you can be gay;
Such empty heads may joke:
But never mind, I have my woes,
And you'll have yours! Croak, croak!"

"I dare not walk, for then my legs
Will stick within the muck;
I cannot swim, for fear I might
Be gobbled by a duck.
This world is but a watery bog;
The flies are very rare;
The worms are tough; O! why not die,
And leave this load of care?"

"Now, really," said the cricket, "don't!
It's very sad, I'm sure;
I never had the least idea
You'd so much to endure.
Come out with me upon the knoll:
The grass is sweet with dew,
The air is soft, the wind is low,
The lake is shining blue;
Above our heads the heavens are bright,
The lark is singing clear—
Come and enjoy each wondrous sight,
And cheer-up, cheer-up, cheer!"

But little heed the grumbler gave
To what the cricket spoke;
And almost ere his words were done
Began his mournful "Croak!"
When autumn came, he settled down
Within the swamp to soak,
And often made the dreary nights
More dismal with his "Croak!"

The cricket crept, when frost was come,
Into the house to hide,
And nestled in a cozy crack
Close at the chimney-side.
When storms were fierce, and cold the earth,
He drew near and more near,
And brightened all the household hearth
By singing "Cheer-up, cheer!"

'Tis but a simple tale I tell;
And yet 'tis sad to know
How like the poor ungrateful frog
The human heart can grow.
The mind that broods o'er worldly woes
Will aye complain and pine;
The loving heart that looks to Heaven
Lives ever in sunshine.

**"It is a good thing to give thanks
unto the Lord, and to sing praises
unto thy name, O Most High."**

WHAT THE BIRD TOLD MARGIE.

A FABLE.

BY MARY MORRISON.



HO! little Birdie up on the branch, what a lazy little thing you are, — almost as bad as I am. You don't do anything but hop about and sing, and enjoy yourself; neither do I."

To Margie's surprise, the bird said, "You are a dear little bobbin, and I like your looks; but if you think I do nothing but hop about and sing, you don't know much. Is that really all you do?"

"That's about all, Mr. Birdie; but since you are so smart, tell me what you do."

So Mr. Birdie smoothed his feathers complacently, and went on talking very wisely.

"Well, Miss Margie, up in the tree, yonder, there are some little birds, and I have to work hard to find food enough for them to eat. Before the little ones came I had to help make our house, what you call our nest. You have no idea what dangerous work it was to get the hair to line it with."

"And what else do you do, now?"

"Well," said Mr. Bird, scratching his head, "we keep a family school, — a flying school, just a private one for our own children, you know. They will want to have nests of their own by and by."

"Well, sir, and what else?"

"Why, when my birdies are unhappy, or get discouraged learning to fly, I sing to them, and then they sing, or try to, and we have a jolly time again."

"What do you sing so early in the morning for?"

"Because God lights up so early, we can't keep our eyes shut, and as soon as we open them, we want to thank Him for taking care of us, and ask Him to help us through the day."

"And does He really notice such little creatures as you are; I don't want to be disrespectful, but does He really?"

"Yes; not one of us could fall to the ground without his notice."

"Do you do anything else, beside what you said?"

"O, yes; a little girl was coming home from school yesterday, and she was crying. I perched on a tree and sang to her, until the tears stopped coming, and she fairly danced with joy. Did you ever stop anybody crying?"

"I guess I've only made them cry," said frank little Margie, "but now I've thought of more good you do. You kill the worms that would hurt our gardens."

The little bird nodded his head very hard.

"I wish you'd tell me some more, and sing me a song."

"I can't wait any longer now, little girl; but I'll come to the tree before your window and show you my birdies when they have learned to fly, that is, if you have not a big brother with a gun."

"O, no. Good-by, then, Mr. Birdie; I'm much obliged to you for your lesson, and I mean to try and see if I can't do some good in the world myself."

Moral. — No matter how small you are, little children, you can all do something. Try!

WHAT WILLIE'S PUPPY DID.



WO or three little boys, almost babies, were standing near a man who was whipping his horse to make him draw a very heavy load of coal. One of them called out, in his helpless indignation, "Stop that, mister! You sha'n't whip that nice old horse any more!"

But still the smutty fellow laid on the whip. Another of the children exclaimed, "You better stop that, or — or I'll whip you real hard with my horsewhip when I'm a man! Stop! else I'll tell my father of you!"

The man laughed, till he looked up and saw the third baby-boy sitting down by a stone wall, crying bitterly, and rubbing his eyes with his white blouse. He stopped his cruel work, and called out, "What are you crying for? This isn't your father's horse, little fellow."

"I'm crying — 'cause, — 'cause I don't want that nice old horse hurt. Please don't hurt him any more, and I'll help you push the cart, and Sam and Joe will push, too!"

The man laughed out very loud, and said, "Why, you could draw the coal yourself! But why don't you like to see the horse whipped?"

"'Cause, — 'cause," sobbed out little Willie, "'cause I've got a puppy at home!"

Now there seemed no sense, at first thought, in this reply of the dear, tender-hearted child; but there was a great deal of good sense in it. What Willie meant was this: "I own a puppy that I love, and I could not have him whipped nor hurt in any way. And because I love my puppy, and am tender of him, I love every other living thing."

Willie's puppy had taught him to be merciful to every dumb creature, and so had done a good work on his little heart.

The child who is tender of dog, cat, or bird, will never grow up to beat horses. Let children have pets to love and care for. — J. D. C., in *Watchman and Reflector*.

LITTLE ALICE.

HIS is a good little girl, of whom I have read in some verses. Would you like to know about her? The poetry begins thus: —

"A dear little maiden, not three summers old,
Was playing about in the soft sunny air;
From beneath the straw shaker peeped stray locks of gold,
Blue eyes sweetly beaming, and cheeks that were fair.

"She wandered around through the grass and the clover,
And buttercups bending before the light breeze;
She lifted her hands to the trees hanging over,
Or touching the grasses, she dropped on her knees."

So the verses go on to tell us how the dear little creature ran from one flower to another, and had a good time. Her mother had told her never to pluck the fine cultivated flowers. In the picture she is looking at a fine rose, I think. She gently bends it down, and says to herself, "Mine? — no," and only smells its sweet odor, and walks on. When she finds buttercups and daisies, she knows she may pluck them, and she does so, and the poetry says, —

"Her rich cup of joy's always full, brimming over,
For of fruit that's forbidden she has the best part.

"She's not yet quite perfect, nor wise like her mother,
She's only a baby, obedient and mild;
But she asks every morning, her dear heavenly Father
To make her this new day, his good little child."

Her prayer is answered, is it not? She may think of it when she looks at the flowers. I think she does. Do you ever think of your prayers? We ought to think of our prayers. If you asked auntie for a present, you would not forget that you had asked, but you would expect to get it; and so it ought to be with our prayers. God is very good to promise to hear our prayers, but it would be terrible if He did not hear us. What could we do? L.

A BUNCH OF KEYS.

HAVE a bunch of keys at home which unlock my bureau drawers, and I prize them very highly. Shall I tell you why? They are made of steel which formerly formed part of Washington's sword; and they hang on a pretty little carved ring, made of the Charter Oak. That is the reason I prize them. I am not going to tell you about those keys, though, but about a bunch of keys which I prize far more, and far more than if they were made of the gold of Solomon's crown, if such a thing could be.

They are the keys which unlock the door of my heart. They are made of smiles and kisses, kind words and kind acts, and they hang on the forms of my friends. A funny place to hang keys on, isn't it? I will tell you what those keys are.

When I feel cross and fretful, my little sister comes and twines her arms around my neck, and with a kiss or two dispels all the clouds, just as on a day in April when it has been raining, suddenly the sun creeps out of its bedquilt of clouds, and

makes the earth glad again. So my little sister carries one key, you see. Then when I have failed in my lessons, a word of encouragement often drives away those clouds, and helps me to try again. That is another key. And a great big key comes when I have the toothache, and mamma puts camphor on my tooth, and it stops the pain; then I always consider the camphor a key.

There are a great many other keys on my ring, but the largest and greatest of them is prayer. Many people do not have such keys as I have, or maybe they had them once, but let them lie idle till they became rusty, and were very hard to turn. But even they always have the last one left. — *May Darling, in Our Young Folks*.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

INTO her chamber went
A little child one day,
And by a chair she knelt,
And thus began to pray;
"Jesus, my eyes I close;
Thy form I cannot see;
If Thou art near me, Lord,
I pray Thee, speak to me."
A still small voice she heard within her soul,
"What is it, child! I hear thee; tell Me all."



LITTLE ALICE.

"I pray Thee, Lord," she said,
"That Thou wilt condescend
To tarry in my heart,
And ever be my friend.
The path of life is dark,
I would not go astray;
O let me have thy hand
To lead me in the way!"
"Fear not; I will not leave thee, child, alone."
She thought she felt a soft hand press her own.

"They tell me, Lord, that all
The living pass away;
The aged soon must die,
And even children may;
O, let my parents live
Till I a woman grow;
For if they die, what can
A little orphan do?"
"Fear not, my child; whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee, and I'll bring thee home."

Her little prayer was said,
And from her chamber now
Forth passed she with the light
Of heaven upon her brow.
"Mother, I've seen the Lord;
His hand in mine I felt;
And, O, I heard Him say,
As by my chair I knelt,
'Fear not, my child; whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home.'"
Christian Intelligencer.

WHY WE DID NOT BURY FRISKEY.

A TRUE STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.



FRISKEY was our little pet kitten. Her fur was beautifully gray and white. She had a long, bushy tail, and was full of frolic and fun; but poor little Friskey was blind.

Her want of sight seemed to endear her to the children, who gave her a double portion of sweet milk, and reserved their choicest dainties for their little pet. Friskey, apparently unconscious of her blindness, understood very well how to take care of herself. She would jump up, and snatch the tender bits of meat from her mother's mouth — and the children's plates.

One morning Daisy was the first one in the nursery who opened her bright eyes to the sunshine. She arose hastily from her little crib, shook back her curls, and trotted down-stairs for her little pet. Upon asking Dinah, our colored cook, where Friskey was, she replied, —

"Bless de child, Friskey ain't nowhar. She has been dead and gone since last night."

Daisy brought back the sad news to the nursery with a breaking heart. A doleful lamentation arose from the children, who climbed upon my bed for consolation from mamma. I was secretly pleased that the poor little kitten had disappeared, as she was rather a pitiful looking object; but did everything in my power to console the little mourners.

Falling into a half slumber again, I was aroused by hearing the comments of the children on Friskey's fate.

"O!" said Clarence, "if Friskey had not died, we could not have had the little funeral for her that mamma has promised us. We will place our little kitty in a nice clean box, and bury her right under the roses."

"Yes," added Lucy, the tender-hearted one, "I am not *all* sorry that Friskey is dead, but only half sorry, and half glad, for Friskey won't be stepped on any more."

This overcame Daisy, who sobbed aloud, "I was the last one who stepped upon her, and made her mew. She was under my feet when I was going to bed last night."

"I am glad I petted her the last time I saw her," added my blue-eyed Jennie. "I loved her real hard when she came to my crib."

My serious, sedate Robbie (who in my heart I had already devoted to the ministry) made his first remark upon kitty's loss: "I wonder whether Friskey has gone to heaven? whether she is blind there? whether she will grow there? I wonder whether God will punish her for eating little mouses there, and stealing milk?"

An animated discussion of these theological questions resulted in no satisfactory conclusion.

Mamma was appealed to for an answer. I explained to the little inquirers what all my little readers know, that kittens have no souls, like little boys and girls, and that they do not know when they do wrong. God has not said that they will live forever. I told them that they should thank God for giving them little kittens, birds, and flowers, and so many other things to make them happy; and that they ought always to be kind to little animals who have no souls.

The children's grief over Friskey's fate was soon allayed. Quite a merry party assembled around the breakfast table. Kitty's funeral was the all-engrossing topic of conversation with the children.

Suddenly the dining-room door opened, admitting Dinah, with eyes apparently all white, being so widely distended, her hands raised in horror, and for once, speechless. On looking for an explanation of her astonishment, the mystery was solved, for closely behind followed Friskey. True to her name and nature, she frisked in, in her usual saucy way, sprang on Jennie's shoulder, leaped on the table, and soon caused all the milk in her saucer to disappear.

Dickens alone could have done justice to the scene. The blank astonishment of the children, the horror of Dinah (who looked as if she had seen a ghost), would have inspired his pen. Dinah soon recovered her voice, and exclaimed, —

"Pears as though she had just frisked into the other world, and frisked back again to bother us."

The children, having become wonderfully resigned to Friskey's loss, in view of the excitement of the funeral, seemed somewhat chagrined, and Daisy said, "Mamma, cannot we bury my old dollie, or something old?" I quietly concealed my own regret at the return of the little mischief; but this is the only reason why we did not bury Friskey.

THE JACK LANTERN.

WHAT do you think of this picture? I suppose there are very few who do not know what Frank has on his head. He calls it a "Jack Lantern." His father gave him a green pumpkin, and he cut holes in it to represent a mouth, nose, and eyes, and then took it into the cellar, and put a candle into it. He invited the family to come down to be frightened.

That was a great deal better than to do as I have known boys to do, who have frightened others so badly as to make them ill. Some people have been frightened to death by others who were "only in fun," as they said. One boy was frightened so badly that he was made an idiot.

The Golden Rule that our Saviour gave us would keep us from doing such things, would it not? There is no pleasure in being frightened. You know no one ever enjoyed it. If we only do to others what we like to have them do to us, we shall live happily I am sure.

After these boys had played with their Jack Lantern awhile, they put it on the kitchen table with an old black hat on it, and admired it till bed-time. Then they used it to light their way to bed. They were happy, and had given pain to nobody.

Y.

LITTLE ALICE'S PRAYER.

ALICE was a dear little girl of four summers. She had a kind father and mother, and two sisters.

Alice tried to be good, to love God, and obey her parents. Sometimes, when playing with other children, she forgot their instructions. One night, when she was all ready for bed, her mamma read her a little prayer from a book of private devotion, thinking, as she did so, that the child scarcely understood it.

The next evening Alice, when about retiring, took the same book, and standing upon a chair under the gas-light (although unable to read a word), said as follows:—

"God bless me, and make me a good child. Make me love Him. Never tease my little sisters. Never play with naughty children. Never say bad words. Never be cross to pussy or dollie. Amen."

The darling child was soon fast asleep. I thought I would write down her little prayer, as children would understand it better than they would a prayer made by an older person.

BOB THE TORTOISE.

WOULD you like to hear the story of Bob the Tortoise? I will tell it you, as from it I hope you may learn a lesson which may induce you to treat kindly the animal creation, which are not gifted, like little boys and girls, with the power of speech, to make their troubles known. But I think you will be interested when I tell you how this tortoise knew that he had a friend; and how he contrived to lay his troubles before her, though he could not speak one word.

Bob had a pleasant home in the garden of a lady who kept a school for little boys; and these children were very fond of Bob, as they themselves had named him. They did not tease and worry him, or you may be sure he would not have been so anxious as he was for them to come out of school, for sometimes, when I suppose he thought the time long, he would

make his way into the school-room, as if to look after his playmates; and as a tortoise does not move very quickly, it must have required some effort on his part.

But though these boys did not worry Bob, he sometimes worried them. I dare say you have often seen at school, if you have not had one of your own, a pretty little piece of garden ground, which it is always a great pleasure to dig, and rake, and sow flower-seeds in, and then watch for their coming up. Well, these little boys had each such a garden, and Master Bob knew it, too, and used to like a taste of the nice sweet leaves as they budded forth; but the boys knew that Bob was ignorant of the mischief he was doing; so instead of punishing him, by shutting him up, they said they must protect themselves, and fence in their gardens, and then tie strings across to keep him out.

This called forth their ingenuity and industry, giving them pleasant work in play hours; and when I saw these gardens all fenced round so neatly, and how completely Master Bob was defeated, I felt that these little boys had had an out-door lesson, teaching them to try and overcome difficulties by their own energy and skill.

I could say many amusing things of poor Bob, but I must not make my story too long, so I will tell

him, and as soon as he had heard footsteps in the garden, he had crawled out of his hiding-place, and made his trouble known in the only way he could. No sooner was the snail removed, than away trudged Bob to his winter quarters again, and was seen no more till the sunny days of spring told him he might come up, and see his kind friends, and enjoy life above ground, all through the nice warm summer days. My story is quite true, and I have often myself been amused in watching Bob, and his droll ways.

Learn, then, to treat kindly all the dumb creatures God has given to us. Let them feel they have a friend in you, and you will learn from them in return many a useful lesson.

One more thought, and I have done. Children, you too need a friend! Do you know who is the Children's Friend? Jesus Christ loves little children! O, I trust you know this, and that you have been taught to look to Him as your best friend, to whom you may tell all your little troubles. He will hear you, and help you, and give you his Holy Spirit, to teach you to love and serve Him all the days of your life.

SPEAKING of Apples of Gold, Mr. Wm. H. Channon, superintendent of a Sunday-school at Quincy, Illinois, says: "Our children are delighted with it. Coming once a week, it is just what we want."

ENIGMAS.

Who became the wife of a king after her husband's death?

What left-handed deliverer was given by the Lord to the children of Israel?

When the children of Israel were divided into two bands to choose a king, what was the name of the defeated man?

What prophet was the son of Beerli?

Over whose grave did Jesus weep?

Whose son was called the "Forerunner?"

What piece of armor is very frequently mentioned in the Bible?

Who was the first wife?

In what land did Moses die?

The initials read downward, and the finals read upwards, give the names of two towns connected with Jesus' ministry. C. G.

Who sang to the Lord when from Egypt set free?

Of what king, is "sold to do evil" the Bible decree?

On what mount did a prophet his rivals defeat?

What foe of the Jews suffered punishment meet?

On what isle did the apostle his vision behold?

Who for present enjoyment his inheritance sold?

What sad one of old, unloved, loved her Lord?

What cave did to David safe shelter afford?

Health and life to what king did the Lord once accord?

The whole is the burial place of one of the patriarchs. C. G.

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THE JACK LANTERN.

you how it was he contrived to make his troubles known.

You have perhaps read, that as soon as the cold weather sets in, the tortoise seeks a sheltered spot, where he may burrow under-ground, and cover himself over with the earth, as God has taught him, and there he lies, till the warm sun of spring tells him he may come out again, for the frost and snow are all gone. But there is an exception to every rule, and such was the case in Bob's winter life of 1869.

My friend, being one day in the garden looking over a flower-bed, to see if the crocuses were peeping through, felt something moving about her feet, and on looking down saw, to her great surprise, that it was the tortoise!

"Why, Bob!" she said, "what has brought you out? you have made a great mistake; it is winter yet;" but at the same time she wondered why Bob had come out on this very cold day: so she took him up to look at him, when she soon found there was a reason, and a very good one too; for a snail, which also liked warm quarters, had got in between Bob's head and his shell, so that his head was fixed, and he could neither move it in or out, and thus he was in a most painful condition.

You see he knew he had a friend who would help